

The Evening World
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Leads All the Rest.

During January, February, March and April of this year The Evening World carried **5087** columns of paid display advertising.

No other New York paper equalled this showing. The increase over The Evening World's own record for the corresponding four months of 1903 was **1270%**—columns—more than **twice** the gain made by any other paper.

MAY MOVING—MAY STRIKES.

The news of the world is just now heavy with importance. There is a great war in Asia. A political campaign is beginning in this country, the first real fight since 1892. But there is no May Day news for New York to compare in importance with this:

There is peace in the labor world. Industry is not seriously threatened by strikes.

Last year New York suffered from strike rables. The terms of labor troubles seemed to float in the air. War in the building trades particularly cost the city unnumbered millions.

Poor men got the worst of it, as they often do. Some of the workmen in the building trades themselves suffered severely. But the worst of the mischief was not revealed until a full year later.

Many a family is driven to May moving to-day from sheer inability to pay exorbitant rents when there might have been room for all and lower prices but for the great strikes tying up building operations.

The real employer in the New York building trades is not the contractor. He is not the money-lending mortgagee. He is not the landlord. He is the tenant. His money pays all the rest. And he is the man who in Manhattan got distinctly the worst of last year's troubles.

Wherefore, may peace last long unbroken!

Astoria Counting Its Chickens.—There is said to be a real-estate "boom" in Astoria, owing to common expectation that a \$15,000,000 gas plant will be built there under the Kemens bill. Isn't this counting unatched chickens? Can Gov. Odell permit the plunder of the city by the Gas Trust? Is not the pen already made that shall write the veto of the sordid "grab"?

A JUDGE ON SUNDAY BASEBALL.

Judge Gaynor, of Brooklyn, has a refreshing way of speaking about Sunday baseball arrests. When the dreadful criminals from the Superbas and the Quakers, captured on April 24, were brought before him, the Judge asked:

If you disturbed the religious repose down there of any person, that person would be expected to come forward and make a complaint. Has he? Who in all this community has come forward to ask that these arrests be made?

The "official police" did it, said Judge Gaynor, answering his own question.

The poor police naturally did not act until they were forced to do so by their critics, and now they are lectured from the bench for "meddling."

It is evident that the hardened and desperate ball-players are not likely to be sentenced to ten years at hard labor by Judge Gaynor.

There was nothing in the Globe Security safes when they were at last opened. But there was "money in it" for somebody. Will anybody catch, cage and punish that somebody?

THE POOL-ROOM WIRES.

When a recent pool-room raid was "pulled off" and fifty men were caught, the reporters noted that most of them were poorly dressed. They looked like men whose families needed and would miss the money they were gambling away.

Pool-rooms are all the more dangerous to men of some intelligence because the persistent player makes an occasional win. In "policy" there are no "winners." The "backers" take all the money and drop an occasional "prize" for bait where it will do the most good.

The horse is too honest for a "sure thing" gambling fool. Some of the time—as often as he isn't pulled—he runs to win. That makes the pool-room perilous. "Playing the ponies" is, some of the time, real gambling. The bigger the race and the greater the interest, the more like gambling it is apt to be. That makes the danger.

The pool-room is illegal. The pool-room would be impossible if the telegraph companies did not furnish it with race news.

Police Commissioner McAdoo offers to show Messrs. Morris K. Jesup, Jacob H. Schiff, George Gould, Russell Sage, Samuel Sloan and other Western Union directors a pool-room in operation.

How absurd! Of course Mr. McAdoo doesn't know where there is a pool-room. If he did he would order it closed, would he not? If the Western Union directors want the address of a pool-room they should ask their Mr. Dealy. He is said to know three hundred.

GO TO THE MUSEUMS.

The Metropolitan Museum opens to-day after a fortnight of spring cleaning. It is worth seeing.

New York has not, and probably can never have, a collection of paintings or of sculpture to compare in artistic and historic interest with the famous galleries of Europe.

But in some special lines the shoe is quite on the other foot. Nowhere in the world are there collections to surpass those of New York in some branches of the applied arts at the Metropolitan Museum and in some natural history specialties at the museum on the west side.

Take as a single instance of each the collection of musical instruments at the Metropolitan and the remarkable set of mounted birds' nests at the Natural History Museum.

How many New Yorkers have never set foot in either building? The number ought to be less next Monday than it is to-day.

Mike the Meddler Tries a New Spring Bonnet on His Dog.

BY B. CORY KILVERT



Man's Horror the Affected Woman.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Of all varieties of womanhood, born or invented, the affected woman who heads the latter category is surely the least attractive. There are, to be sure, certain affected women who by carefully cultivated mannerisms and stilted poses manage to make a more or less successful impression on other women, simple, comfortable wives and mothers, who admire even though they do not like them.

But in the cold, stolid indifference which the average man displays to her kitchish, artificial airs the affected woman meets her Waterloo. Men have an inherent taste for simplicity and naturalness. They seek it and like it at all times. If a woman is simply inherently good and sweet and gentle, they like her that way. If she is bold and strongly brilliant they prefer her to display those qualities in their natural crudity, rather than spoil them with a veneer of sweetness she does not possess.

There are two kinds of affected women—the very young ones and the rather old ones. The very young ones, girls of sixteen and seventeen and eighteen, are sometimes interesting and always pardonable in their various eccentric poses, because we recognize these as transient phases of their development. But the older woman, she who flutters helplessly on the other side of thirty and still poses and grimaces and simpers in a character not her own, makes one feel that her artificiality is as hopelessly set as her jaw and that she will never recover from it.

Her speech is stilted, staccato, and she chops her words with a maddening mechanical regularity that suggests the patent typewriter device for counting them. Indeed, it is so very artificial that it does not sound like the spontaneous utterance of a human being, but rather like something talked into a phonograph in the days when phonographs were young.

Generally she affects a girlish walk, a quick, rather awkward stride intended to convey an impression of youthful impetuosity. Her hair, which at seventeen, was piled high on her head in resolute emancipation from the schoolgirl braid, is now made to simulate that schoolgirl braid as nearly as a decent respect for the opinions of the people who know how old she is will allow.

Her air of girlish confusion is marked. She blushes, flutters and drops her eyes before men younger in experience and worldliness than herself.

She gives an exaggerated effect of deference and is generally quite willing to agree with you long before you have made up your mind what you are going to say.

Or else she is very argumentative and wants to challenge your airy comment on the weather and show you with calm, dispassionate precision exactly why your prediction that it is going to rain will not be verified.

She is anything and everything except natural, and therefore nothing that man, whom she most strives to please, can admire or tolerate.

"SOAP GROVES."

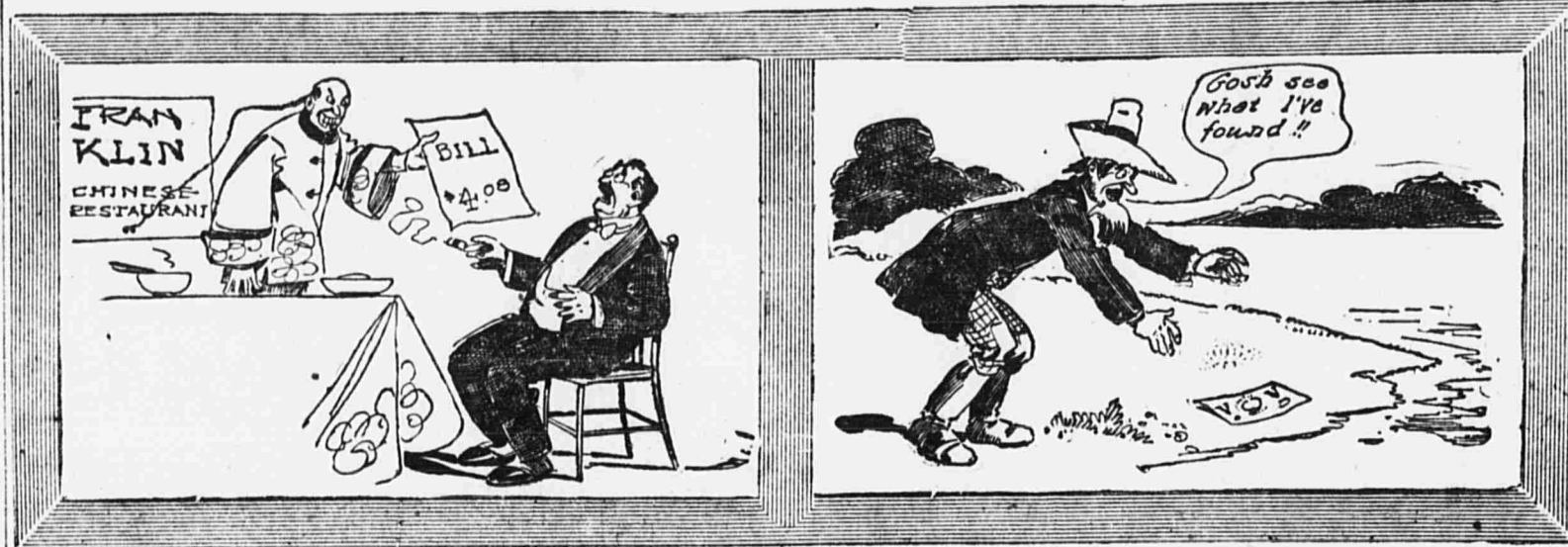
A notable industry in France is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. Some 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that country, planted the orange forests. This essence is largely imported into France and the United States for use in soap and perfume-making. It is also used in Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

REST.

*"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cores that infest the day
Shall find their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."*

Those who advertise in World Wants for their industrial, professional or domestic help will at least diminish their cares.

What Is the Telephone Number?



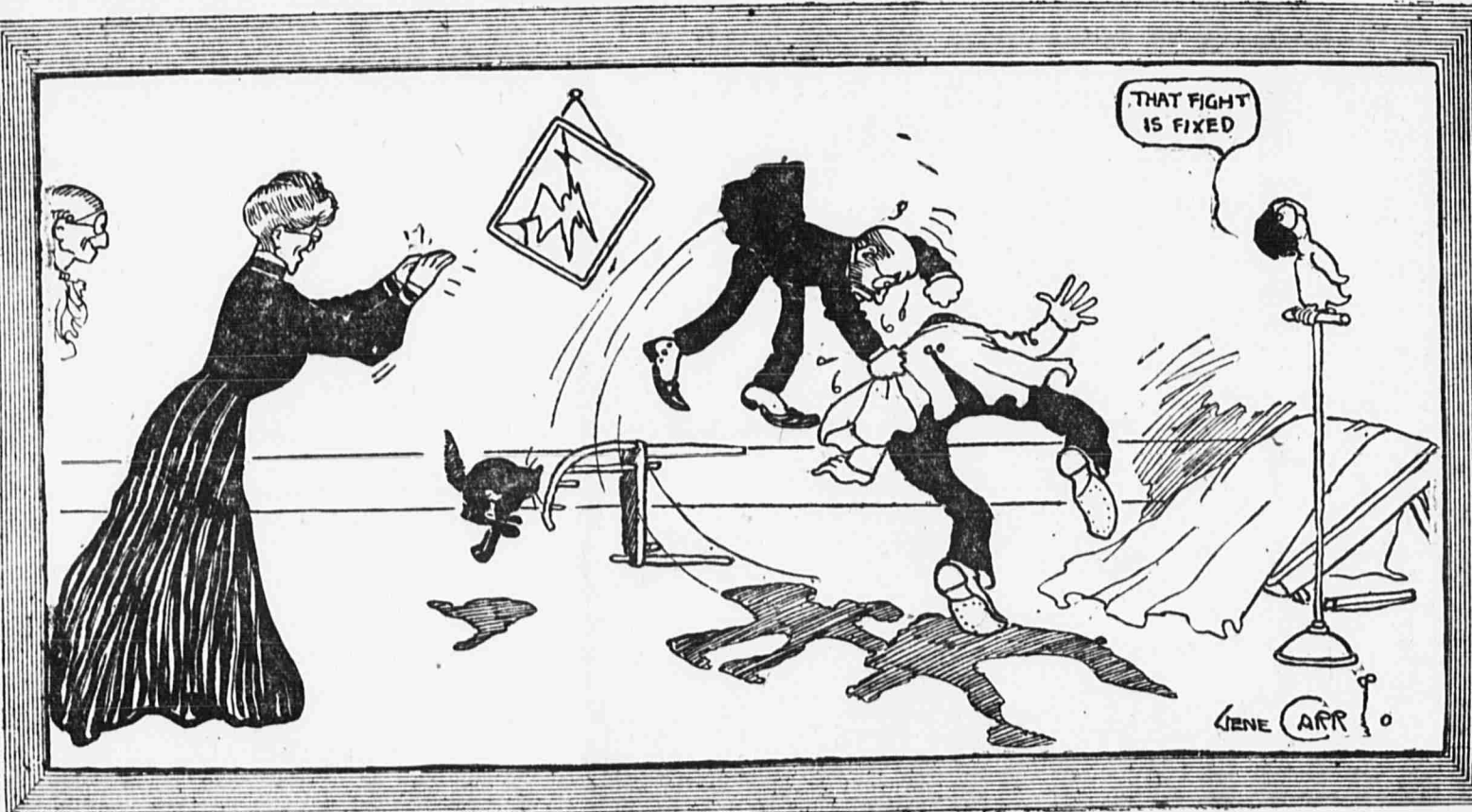
1-8-4-8 Franklin (One ate \$4.08 Fran Klin).

Now Guess What This Is.

Pray Don't Miss the Peewee "Fudge" Idiotorial Gook in the Next Column.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. — By Roy L. McCardell.

(Copyright, 1904, by the Press Publishing Company, The New York World.)



"Why didn't you put on your heavy boots, Mr. Nagg? You'll only hurt your dear feet kicking him with your slippers on!"
At Last He Begins to See That He Must Be Kind and Patient If He Would Make Her Happy. It Is Gentleness That Wins a Nature Such as Hers.

"Sssh! Do keep quiet, Mr. Nagg; brother Willie is back from New Jersey, where he suffered untold hardships and had to work in a brickyard for two days!"
"I know you have no consideration for him. You doubtless side with his cruel persecutors, who are like blood-hounds on his track, because the poor boy in his youthful enthusiasm took some souvenirs out of a jewelry store."
"But I will protect him. No one shall harm him. He is only twenty-six and knows nothing of the wicked ways of life."
"Oh, you are not saying a word, but I can see you are meditating some cruel remark to me."
"What's that you say? You would prefer not to quarrel to-day?"
"Well, who's quarrelling? Do I ever say a word? Is it my fault that you tear around like a tyrant? Am I to be blamed that you sit silent for hours and hours, when I want to talk over household affairs? Don't you dare answer me! Don't you dare say a word!"
"What are you going to do, Mr. Nagg? You are going to clean house, you say?"
"What do you mean, Lionel? What are you taking off your coat for?"
"You are tired of having that big hulking brute of a brother of mine lying around the house, you say?"
"Well, Lionel, dear, I never enco-

right, Mr. Nagg! Thrash him good! Give it to him as he deserves! If I have said once I have said it a thousand times that you have indulged and spoiled him too much."
"How dare he put on airs in this house!"
"Let him roar for mercy! Do not show him any! Why didn't you put on your heavy boots, Mr. Nagg; you will only hurt your dear feet kicking him with your slippers on?"

"There! He dodged you. Shall I hold him for you?"

"Don't you dare interfere, mamma. I will not have anybody say a word to my husband. He is so kind and gentle. You are always putting your nose into our family affairs. Why don't you go home to Brooklyn? I will not have Lionel irritated."

"If I have begged him once I have begged him a hundred times to thrash this overgrown tough. He is just like papa, a bully that goes around intimidating people, but when a man like Lionel Nagg, a man of strength and courage, takes him to task he soon shows his cowardly nature."

"You are tired, Mr. Nagg, you dear sweet angel! Go up to your room, Willie, you big blubbery doer, or I'll have Mr. Nagg thrash you over again!"
"Ah, Lionel Nagg, the bravest and the tenderest. I love to see the gentle, tender side of your nature!"

"Don't you dare to say a word, mamma. Pick up his slippers. Run and get him the palm-leaf fan, don't you see he is tired?"

"Willie! Go right down in the cellar and clean Mr. Nagg's bicycle and don't you ever dare touch it again. After that, blacken Mr. Nagg's boots. He will show you who is master of this house!"

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

"Why do you drink so much water, Tommy?" asked a mother of her five-year-old son.
"So you won't have so much to wash me with," replied the youngster.
"Can any one tell me what a Christian is?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.
"Yes, ma'am, I can," answered a little girl. "A Christian is a man who doesn't swear when his wife is cleaning house."
"Boys," said the old lady who was on her way to church, "don't you know that it is wrong to play ball on Sunday?"
"We ain't playin' ball," replied one of the youngsters. "We're only practisin' fer ter-morrer's game."
Teacher—Does heat always expand and cold always contract?
Bright Pupil—No, ma'am. Sometimes cold expands and heat contracts.
Teacher—Indeed! Pray explain!
Bright Pupil—Cold expands coal bills and heat contracts ice bills.
—Chicago News.

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Why Not Wage Wars with Wrist Slaps and Tennis Racquets?

"I SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that there is a lot of protest against the brutality of the Russians who sunk that Japanese transport and drowned a lot of soldiers."

"It's terrible how coarse some people are in war, Percy," replied The Man Higher Up. "Those Russians ought to be arrested for assault. The idea of sinking Japanese soldiers in ice-cold water when they could just as well have been slapped on the wrist and sent on their way is utterly repulsive to all our finer instincts."

"The Japanese weren't doing anything. They were on their way over to Korea to fight on land, and it was simply a shame to sneak up on them at sea. They didn't sign articles to fight on the water. Of course they knew better than to go on board a Russian cruiser when the Russians called on them to surrender. The chances are that the Russians would have put them to work."

"I declare, Harold, we are getting more brutal every day. Look what the Japanese did to the Russians at the opening of the war! Before the gong sounded a torpedo-boat sneaked into Port Arthur and blew up a battle-ship while the sailors were asleep. At least they might have awakened the poor Russian sailors and given them a chance to take a drink of vodka before sending them to the bottom."

"Even we Americans are brutes in war. Look at the way our battle-ships jumped on the poor Spaniards when they came out of Santiago harbor. The Spaniards didn't have any more show than if they had been on a fleet of ice barges with snowballs for ammunition. Look at that brutal Admiral Dewey! Didn't he actually swear on his way into the harbor of Manila and attack the Spanish fleet before the Spaniards had a chance to eat breakfast? This world is coming to a fine pass when nations go to war and kill each other."

"Of course somebody has to be killed in a war," asserted The Cigar Store Man.

"It is not necessary, Claude," protested The Man Higher Up. "Why not let two disputing nations choose their champion croquet or tennis players and hold a tournament?"

You Dance More than a Mile.

According to a German statistician, each person in a quadrille dances a mile and a quarter. He gives the average distances in other dances as follows: Pas de quatre, 875 yards; polka, 950 yards; mazurka, 1,030 yards; waltz, 1,300 yards.

THE GOOK.

IDIOTRIAL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE

Why Mosquitoes Do Not Talk.

They Have Only a Buzz-Saw Vocabulary.
Copyright, 1904, by the Planet Pub. Co.

Why is it that mosquitoes, like other Jersey human beings, do not talk. The mosquito belongs to the genus HOBOKUS WEEHAWKUS. This species lives upon the BLOOD of men and women. As BLOOD is not FISH and as fish is BRAIN FOOD, it follows that they cannot THINK. Naturally, when they cannot THINK they cannot talk, it being necessary to THINK you can talk before you can do so.

The only thing that can talk without ANY outlay of thought is THE EVENING FUDGE. Fudge talks, but it does not THINK. It leaves the thinking to its large family of smudged readers.

This paper will teach you how to train mosquitoes to make sounds like a SCARLET SMUDGE. Light a piece of rope and SMOKE UP with the Editor!



To-day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotrial was written by Edward W. Klein, No. 210 W. 21st St., N. Y. City.

To-morrow's Prize Idiotrial Gook, "Teach Your Grandchildren to Read the Stars."